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The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club

Editor Robin Golding

No 235 Summer 1984

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Editorial

The visit to the Academy, during the last week of the Spring Term, of the distinguished Polish composer Witold Lutoslawski (arranged largely through the initiative of Paul Patterson) was a triumphant success; as David Cairns wrote, at the end of an enthusiastic article in *The Sunday Times* of 1 April, 'The high standard of the final concert ... was only the climax of a momentous week. I can't imagine the old place will ever be quite the same again.' This issue contains an account of this 'Festival Week' by John Gardner, and a transcript of the introductory address given by Dr Lutoslawski on 26 March. Let us hope that the week to be devoted to Sir Michael Tippett (25 February–1 March 1985) in celebration of his eightieth birthday, is equally successful.

The twenty years during which John Streets has been Director of the Academy's Opera Class have witnessed many memorable productions, besides spanning the transition between the demolition of the old Theatre in 1974 and the opening of the Sir Jack Lyons Theatre three years later. Mr Streets has decided to relinquish his position as from the end of the Summer Term (his successor will be Peter Knapp) and revert to coaching singers and accompanists. Below, his faithful colleague Mary Nash pays tribute to him, and Mr Streets himself reminisces about those eventful years.

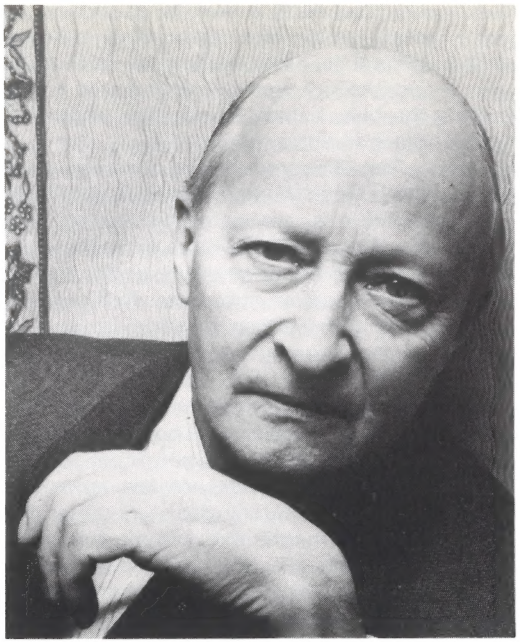
Readers continue to express concern about the future of the *Magazine*, on the lines of the letters from Michael Bush and Margaret Hubicki (page 24), and this is most encouraging; so, too, on a more personal level, are the remarks in Philip Hattey's letter, which, as he himself is aware, only narrowly escaped Editorial censorship.

The Lutoslawski Festival Week

John Gardner

There can be no doubt that Lutoslawski Festival Week was one of the best things ever to have taken place at the Academy—except in one respect: that it is doubtful whether more than half the student population bothered to attend its events, which were of outstanding musical interest and excellence, offering, as they did, in a series of concerts and demonstrations, a survey of one of the twentieth century's great masters. I am still flabbergasted to think that we were in a position to enjoy all this for the cost of our train fares, and still at a loss to recommend how future celebrations of this kind may be made to reach more of our members except by coercion. Maybe it was a mistake to hold it in the last week of term, with the prospect of an earlier holiday almost irresistible. Maybe not many people are interested in music outside the repertoire of their own syllabuses, which are unlikely to contain much Lutoslawski. Maybe moderately advanced music is still outside the desired experience of most students. I don't know. Anyhow, what I heard during the week was literally marvellous. Never has the Academy come up with such a series of first-rate performances put on with so complete an air of professional expertise, or, for that matter, welcomed so urbane, civilised and articulate a guest: a man whose personality suggested life in Embassies and with top-level delegations rather than the feverish burning of midnight oil as, all alone, he explores areas of hitherto uncharted sound.

The week opened with a talk by Lutoslawski on his own music. Too brief, perhaps, to tell us much about his techniques, but long enough for us to enjoy his personality and receive some thought-provoking opinions on a number of musical matters. He cited the



Photograph by Susi E Maeder

early classical symphony, with its weight towards the bows, as it were, as an ideal formal scheme for a longer work. Later composers, for example Brahms (whom, incidentally, he greatly admires), tended to load both bows and sterns equally, with the result that the listener was tired long before the end of a long, serious finale. Lutoslawski told us he preferred his music to get weightier as he went on, lightening the load at the bows; and it struck me that this was an interesting solution of the perennial problem of how to balance movements and sections within a single work.

Other facets of his music that he touched on were his use of controlled improvisation, which he likened to the breaking of chords in the musical textures of traditional music as a way of giving rhythmic life to harmonic aggregates, and his theory that, in multipartial harmonies, the minor ninth had a centrifugal tendency and should not be placed at the extremities, whereas a minor seventh was centripetal in effect and could be placed away from the centre of the aggregate. I could not immediately be convinced by this theory, which struck me as another instance of a composer legislating on the basis of his personal responses; a practice of which there have been many examples throughout musical history.

There were, predictably and understandably, one or two politically-loaded questions asked during the course of the lecture. Lutoslawski dealt with these skilfully by both lowering the temperature and avoiding an answer. One could not have expected more within the context of an event of this kind.

On the Tuesday afternoon I attended the Manson and Parker Prizes concert at which Lutoslawski adjudicated with crispness and relevance. That I agreed with his verdict that Jim Harley's piece was the best brought me additional enjoyment of a highly interesting occasion, which came to a light-hearted end with a performance of Lutoslawski's most popular success, the *Paganini Variations*, by Dennis Murdoch and Hamish Milne (the former on

crutches, after a friendly encounter with a swan). As the same piece in its later piano-and-orchestral version was splendidly played the same evening by Anthony Williams and the Repertory Orchestra, I was able to make an immediate comparison between the two. I think I prefer the original, but it is a very good light piece in either setting.

The other items in the evening's concert were of a more serious kind. Colin Metters directed excellent performances of *Mi-Parti* (1976), a sonically fascinating work, and of the *Musique Funèbre* (1958), written in memory of Bartók and one of the last works of the composer's earlier style, which owed quite a bit to the Hungarian composer. Self-evidently dodecaphonic, it has a certain glacial beauty which erupted into showers of icy splinters in the expertly played *presto* section. The final work in this concert was the *Stabat Mater* of Lutoslawski's illustrious predecessor Szymanowski. This was given the most enthralling choral performance I have heard at the Academy in nearly thirty years: a fact I would put down to the inspired direction of Peter James, whose *Seasons* last term I had found undistinguished, but whose interpretative command of the *Stabat Mater* was unquestionable and, I think, felt by all who were present. This was what all choral performances should be: the delivery of a musical message by a totally coherent body of singers and players under a conductor who knows what it's all about.

The final concert of the week by the Manson Ensemble under Odaline de la Martinez and Paul Patterson (in a sense 'the onlie begetter' of Lutoslawski Week—hats off to him!), the Sinfonia under Colin Metters and the Symphony Orchestra under the Master himself (an extremely efficient conductor) was a most exciting affair which contained Lutoslawski's earliest aleatory work (*Jeux Vénitiens*), *Chain 1,* the *Preludes* (without the *Fugue*) and, best of all for me, the *Livre pour orchestre*, in which the composer's vivid ear for instrumental sound bowled me right over. I found myself during this concert trying to synthesise the many and varied impressions I had received during the week with those I had retained over twenty years of listening now and again to Lutoslawski's music. The total impression on me of his *œuvre* is one of brilliance rather than warmth, of colour rather than argument, of ear rather than heart. It is all immensely exciting but not moving in the conventional sense of the word. In another sphere it could be likened to watching a rivetting adult thriller rather than, say *Autumn Sonata*: a comparison which should not imply that the one genre is aesthetically superior to the other, for there are many sorts of music and many sorts of listener. Certainly, I can say that Lutoslawski's works again and again made me feel a beginner in the art of combining notes together, and that I felt it was a great privilege to have with us a toweringly gifted musician who at the same time was an uncommonly nice guy. His presence meant a lot to all of us who attended the events of the week, and I hope that we will derive comparable inspiration from Tippett's visit in February 1985.

My musical development

Witold Lutoslawski

I started my studies before the war as a composition pupil of Professor Witold Maliszewski, who had been a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov in St Petersburg. He was also a mathematician and a physician, so he had completed three kinds of study: music, medicine and mathematics. But towards the end of my studies he decided that what I was doing was not

acceptable to him. He was a totally conservative musician and he did not accept what I wanted to do, so I stopped going to his lessons for several months because I wanted to complete a piece and I knew that he would discourage me terribly. Finally I received a postcard from him saying that this could not continue and that I would have to write something for my diploma; so I went to him and showed part of the piece I was writing to prove that I was not lazy, and he said 'I cannot understand what you are writing', when he played half of the piece through on the piano. So I started explaining the harmony of the piece and I analysed it, and after that he said: 'Yes, we now have a common language but what you are doing still sounds ugly to me', and yet he was very positive as far as my compositions were concerned. So he decided: 'Now you must write something for your diploma which will be something that I could be responsible for'; so I put the piece aside and composed something else: it was two fragments of a Requiem that I wrote for the diploma.

I wanted to go to Paris to study composition with Nadia Boulanger, as many of my compatriots had done, but it was 1939 so instead I went to Kraków as the commander of a radio station at the headquarters of one of the armies. It was the campaign of September in Poland during the invasion of the Germans. So the five years of the War I spent in Warsaw, and played in cafés with Andrzej Panufnik on two pianos. Together, we arranged over two hundred pieces, by Mozart, Schubert, Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Ravel, and others. Unfortunately the whole lot was burned during the uprising in 1944: over two hundred arrangements and also some paraphrases. One of the paraphrases was my own and I published it under my name. It is the *Variations on a theme by Paganini*: the 24th *Capriccio* of Paganini converted into my personal version of it, and with a little final section of my own. It proved to be the most popular piece of mine because now I have just received the fifteenth recording of it. It is really not terribly representative of me as a composer, just a trifle, but it shows that it is a piece that is rather popular.

I tried to compose during the war years. Apart from these arrangements and paraphrases for two pianos, I wrote the *Études* for piano. I wanted to compose more of them but circumstances were not exactly favourable and so I abandoned the cycle. They are my only really pianistic pieces. I used to be a pianist (and not a bad one) and that is why piano music is especially difficult for me to compose. I had tried to compose a piano concerto since before the war but the sketches always landed in the waste-paper basket, and the only really pianistic pieces are the two *Études*. Other pieces are meant for schools; they are easy pieces for piano. I did not treat them too seriously, of course: it was a pleasure to compose things that were needed for some simple needs and that was the object of my endeavours just after the war—when my country had nothing as repertoire for schools, which is why there was a strong need for something for immediate use in schools, and I wrote many things for such purposes. I liked composing children's songs or easy pieces for the piano, and also in 1946 I composed the accompaniments for twenty *Old Polish Christmas Carols*. The piece has proved to be a little controversial because traditional tunes were set to a quite non-traditional accompaniment, and some people said that it was a shock for them to hear the accompaniment for very familiar and well-loved melodies in a way that had nothing to do with traditional tonal harmony. Of course it was tonal, but not in an

exactly traditional way. The whole cycle of these *Christmas Carols* was recorded in Poland. The original version is for female voice and piano. Recently I decided to make a special arrangement for the London Sinfonietta. I shall transcribe it for female voices and small orchestra and we will perform it on 5 December this year, as a part of my concert with the London Sinfonietta. I think it is a good moment because it will be in December and this cycle is entirely unknown as is the case with the many other things that I composed for immediate use, such as children's songs or easy pieces for piano and other instruments.

In 1947 I completed my first Symphony, on which I had started work before the war. During the war I managed to compose the first movement and some sketches for the others, and in 1947 I completed it and the première was given in 1948 in Katowice by the Polish Radio Orchestra conducted by Gregor Fitelberg, who was a personal friend of Karol Szymanowski and who promoted new Polish music. He was very devoted to everything that was new and that interested him, and he gave all the first performances of my music up to the time when I began conducting myself.

After that I decided that what I had achieved, especially as far as the pitch-organisation of music was concerned, was leading me nowhere, so I decided that I must begin again from scratch. There were very few things that I really knew for certain, and in such a way I began my constant work on sound-language: harmony, melody, counterpoint, and everything which is connected with pitch. I have not stopped yet: I am still working on sound-language, because it is still refreshing, looking for something, some new procedure, some new possibilities, especially in harmony and melody. I think there is a gap in the history of music of our time, because the dismantling of the tonal system (the major/minor system, which lasted just a little over 150 years because what preceded it was not what we know as the true tonal system), was followed almost immediately by the doctrine of Schönberg, which occupied the interest of many composers but was not really the best principle on which to base research in the field of harmony and pitch-organisation as a whole, which was neglected by many composers; and now I think that there are many who neglect harmony completely. They are not interested in any phenomena connected with the problem of harmony, so I think there is a gap to be filled and that there are still a lot of things to discover in our traditional twelve-note scale as far as the harmony is concerned.

Therefore I began looking for some solution, because outside I had not found anything that would fit my sound-visions. Neither the return to tonal music nor the twelve-note system appealed to me at all: they just led to something entirely different from what I was aiming at. So I began, as I said, from scratch, but the first thing that I wanted to know better was the extremity to which harmony could be developed: I mean aggregations containing all twelve different notes. As we all know, the number is unlimited, practically, but if we use many different intervals between neighbour-sounds of an aggregation, the more kinds of interval we use, the less characteristic is the final result. This means that twelve-note aggregations have a sort of physiognomy; a character, a colour, a quality. So I observed a phenomenon that can even be treated as a rule, that the fewer kinds of intervals between neighbour-sounds there are the more characteristic is

the aggregation. As you know, there are only two kinds of aggregation that contain only one kind of interval between the neighbour-sounds: the minor second chord and the fourth chord; but with two different intervals there are many more and they are very different from each other and they enable us to create some sharp contrasts in harmony, which is not the case in twelve-note technique, especially if the principle of the *Allintervallreihe* (a row containing all kinds of intervals) comes into play. Then the harmony becomes somewhat indifferent, so that there is no possibility of creating sharp contrasts: thus the biggest contrasts are between two elementary twelve-note aggregations (minor seconds and fourths), but there are a number of others containing only two intervals, for instance fourths and tritones alternately, some third combinations, and so on.

So my first step towards finding some harmonic principles was to classify the twelve-note aggregations according to their structure and especially their quality—the reaction they provoke in us. So I classified them. I found some families in these aggregations, and it helped me a lot in pieces like the *Five Songs* that I composed in late 1950s, and other pieces like the abandoned cycle *Postludes* for orchestra and *Jeux Vénitiens* for chamber orchestra, and other works such as the *Trois Poèmes d'Henri Michaux*, the second Symphony and the string Quartet. All these compositions are basically composed in this system of twelve-note aggregations but, of course, the twelve-note aggregation is an extreme case, an extreme phenomenon. So I felt very ill-at-ease having at my disposal only this method, and for a long time I wanted to find some way of composing in thinner textures, not involving big masses of sound, and yet satisfactory for me, which was very difficult. Finally, I came across a sort of rule that may govern the sounds in order to achieve the results that would satisfy me but would only involve a very limited number of sounds. It is only a few years ago that I discovered this rule. The rule was not just thought out; it came from the experience with the sound, with harmony, with the results of my earlier endeavours. It is difficult to explain, but perhaps one day I will write a book about the harmony that I used during three decades of my life. I think it would be of some use for young composers, who have no textbook for twentieth-century harmony.

Works that belong to that period already containing those thin textures, reduced number of notes, and following the rule that I have just been speaking about, are pieces for small ensembles, and even solo pieces like *Epitaph*, like *Grave* for cello and piano, like the Double Concerto for oboe, harp and chamber orchestra. Before that it was very difficult for me to compose anything for small ensemble, or solo pieces, unless it was in a deliberately post-tonal idiom as in my easy pieces for piano, but those are by-products, rather than the mainstream of my composition. Only then was I able to compose pieces for solo instruments and small ensembles. Even the string Quartet was not written in this style: it was composed earlier and used the principle of twelve-note aggregations even though only four notes can be played together.

I don't know whether you have heard the third Symphony, my most recent work. The form is mainly based on the principle of two movements. It is the idea that I got as a result of my experience as a listener. I think that the ideal balance of a large-scale closed form we find in pre-Beethoven symphonies of the

Viennese classics, like Haydn or Mozart, where the most substantial movement requiring the full concentration of the listener's attention was always the first movement; then an *Adagio* and a Minuet and then a very light and cheerful finale, that was ideal from the psychological point of view. Then came Beethoven and Brahms, and in Brahms there are always two substantial movements, the first and the last, in large-scale forms like symphonies and concertos. To my mind it is a little overloaded; I always feel tired after having listened attentively to a symphony or a concerto by Brahms. I cannot listen to anything after, although I am a great admirer of Brahms's music and I love listening to it. So I decided that I had committed the same—I should not venture to say error, but to my mind it was the wrong direction to find a good solution for a large-scale closed form. I had done so in my Concerto for Orchestra, the first and last movements of which are certainly overloaded: anyway it is not ideally balanced as far as the psychology of perception is concerned. So I found another solution, which could be described as the classical principle reversed: this means the first movement being just a preparation, just a sort of an engaging music, interesting, possibly involving, and creating a sort of expectation, and not a fulfilment; and in the natural way then comes the substantial second movement, as in my string Quartet with an introductory and a main movement, as in the second Symphony with *Hésitant* and *Direct*, and some other pieces. The same principle I applied to the third Symphony, with one difference: that after the main movement comes a sort of epilogue, a slow movement, rather a dramatic one with a short coda at the end. But, again, the first movement is a sort of preparation, a sort of introduction, divided into short sections or episodes, never developing, never continuous, always interrupted by pauses, by rests and so on. The main movement follows only when this continuity finally comes to fruition, and it is a natural fulfilment of the expectations created by the first movement. I am rather pleased with this solution and it proved to work, because many people who asked me about the duration of pieces like the cello Concerto and the third Symphony were rather surprised at their length: they always thought, after having heard them, that the pieces were shorter than they actually are, which proves that the listeners were not bored, not tired and rather satisfied. I don't know whether I will use it again, but I think it is one solution for a large-scale closed form that can be used with certain satisfactory results.

(This talk was given by Witold Lutoslawski in the Concert Room on Monday 26 March, at the beginning of the Academy's 'Festival Week' in his honour. Dr Lutoslawski then invited, and responded to, questions from the floor, and it is hoped to include a transcript of these in a future issue of the *Magazine*—Ed.)

Authenticity and Imagination—some paradoxes for performers

(The ninth annual Coviello Lecture, given on 6 March)

Hamish Milne

We live in an age of unprecedented erudition, in which more of us than ever before are subjected to an unrelenting barrage of information in a kind of educational overkill. Only a few weeks ago many teachers at the Academy received through the post a catalogue of Doctoral dissertations on music from an organisation which claims to hold on microfilm (individually available at the touch of a computer button) a collection of over 700,000 such papers which is increasing at the rate of 30,000 new titles a

year. The music titles range from the impenetrably esoteric, through the plain boring to the fatuous ... 'The Activity of Certain Facial Muscles in the B flat Soprano Saxophone Embouchure: an exploratory study utilising Electromyography', would straddle the first two categories from most people's point of view, I suppose.

A study of 'Sexual Symbolism in J S Bach', which I swear I saw in a previous edition of the catalogue, seems to have disappeared, so that, at least, may have been a practical joke, but there are many worthy and earnest studies which contribute to the *minutiae* of musicological research and a significant and, it seems to me, increasing number are directly concerned with the performance of music.

How much simpler it all was almost two centuries ago when William Crotch (later the first Principal of the RAM) could assess Bach's music for the benefit of his B Mus students at Oxford as follows: 'The prevailing style of these compositions is the Sublime; sometimes a mixture of the Sublime and Ornamental; but the Beautiful also occasionally appears.' By the end of the century pioneers like Dr Hans Bischoff were producing editions of the 'Forty-eight' in which some pages are barely half-filled with music, the rest being taken up with copious footnotes on doubtful or alternative source-readings. And this obsession has continued to the present day, until a conscientious performer hardly dare lay his hand on the keyboard for fear of perpetrating some unpardonable stylistic solecism.

It was not always so. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century the music publishing business was usually no more than a contract between businessmen and composers. In the rare instances where the publisher felt it might be profitable to engage an editor to prepare a new edition of a popular classic, he would most likely turn to a Liszt or a von Bülow (if he could afford them) to add glamour to his product. Little was expected of them other than to scrutinise a prepared text and maybe add a few hints on interpretation for the amateur or student (by way of phrasing, fingering or pedalling) or even make minor adjustments to make the music more 'practical' or 'effective'. To be fair, the two individuals I have cited often took their duties very seriously, but it would be unthinkable today for a musician to write in an editorial capacity, as did von Bülow of Chopin's F sharp Impromptu ... 'These few bars incline a little towards the commonplace. Anyone who concurs with this opinion may skip them without disturbing the flow of the piece.' If, after registering the obligatory horror at this sacrilege, you actually play the bars in question first as Chopin wrote them, then as von Bülow suggests, you may not agree with him but at least you begin to see what he meant. To overcome the slight awkwardness of this particular join and many other comparable instances even in great music, today's performer, with his inbred respect for the letter of the score, must call forth all his resources of imagination, artistry and craft to *make* it work. In this sense the performer carries on the derided tradition of nineteenth-century editing even at the same time as he relies on the specialised expertise of the modern *Urtext* editor for his text. Von Bülow's interpretative suggestions or Liszt's 'effective' re-writing of ungainly passages in Weber's sonatas or Schubert's 'Wanderer' Fantasy have, of course, no place in modern scholarship, for the man of letters has long since taken over the responsibility for editing. The rather intimidating commentary at the back of a modern *Urtext* will

perhaps tell you that 'the Paris MS has a slur (possibly in another hand) in the tenor voice over the second and third beats' but rarely ventures advice for the execution of particular passages (though sometimes they cannot refrain from querulous disagreement with the conclusions of rival *Urtext* editions).

It is interesting to speculate how and why this change in attitudes to the sanctity of the text took place. Although most performers today accept without question that it is somehow improper or at least artistically irresponsible to tamper with the composer's text, it would be presumptuous and absurd to assume that this somehow makes us better musicians than Liszt or von Bülow. There is an interesting school of thought that links our current quest for authenticity in music of the past with our lack of commitment or emotional involvement with new music. When, in 1802, Breitkopf & Härtel published for the first time Mozart's re-arrangement and orchestration of Handel's *Messiah*, they could proclaim without embarrassment that, despite its grandeur and lofty spirit, Handel's original was somewhat lacking in the more agreeable charm of the new music. But when Leopold Godowsky produced a free and immensly elaborate piano arrangement of three solo violin sonatas by Bach about a hundred and twenty years later, *he* found it necessary to preface it with a lengthy apologia in an attempt to forestall the opprobrium that would inevitably attach to his 'trespassing the portals of tradition'. So we can see that Mozart's assumption that even the greatest music must either be abandoned to the march of time or somehow be kept 'modern' in order to survive had given way to the twentieth-century belief that old music can best transmit its message across the ages with all its historical trappings intact.

The view that this apparently unquenchable thirst for 'authenticity' in the performance of old music is somehow connected with the failure of musicians and public to come to terms with, or keep abreast of, the music of our own time is given some support by a comparison with the world of theatre, where revivals of old plays coexist with a healthy flow of new plays without splitting its audience into two groups, lay and specialist. Consequently, as new plays still flourish, there is less resistance to the conscious 'modernisation' of old plays to make them more vivid and relevant to our times. Where the two worlds meet, in the opera house, this can lead to the extraordinarily illogical phenomenon where the conductor may spend hours and weeks rehearsing his singers and orchestra in the minutest details of Wagner's musical expression-marks while the producer confidently reduces Wagner's equally meticulous stage directions to space-suits and a gigantic perspex ring.

It is not my purpose to deliver a diatribe against scholars and academics for seeking to purge and sanitise our musical heritage or stifle our intuitive responses, for the finest editors recognise a responsibility to the performer as well as to the composer. Rather, I want to alert the performer to the danger of assuming that interpretative decisions are now made for him by their efforts. We should be grateful that there are scholars and publishers willing to devote the time and money to comb the libraries and collections of the world in order to establish so far as is possible (itself a variable factor) what the composer actually wrote down. As well as the actual notes, every dot, wedge, slur or expression-mark of any kind reveals a tiny facet of the music's personality; but these in their turn have to be interpreted as sound by the performer according to his vision and understanding of the

composer's expressive intention. A reliable *Urtext* does not relieve us of artistic responsibilities, it merely provides a sound basis from which to begin.

In the first place, musical notation is not and never was an exact science. It can convey certain information with an unambiguous precision that is quite remarkable, given that it is already a translation from the aural to the visual. By and large, it is more successful in representing *what* is to be played than *how*, since no language of expression marks could ever be devised adequately to convey the infinitesimal variations of nuance and articulation used by even a modest performer. It follows that all such markings can only stimulate the imagination of the performer in the light of his understanding of the music—his *sensibilité divinatoire* as Berlioz described it. This in turn will be tempered by his knowledge of the composer's overall style, of its historical context, of the resources (actual or suggestive) of the instrument he is playing and a multitude of other factors beyond the composer's control. Only the laziest or most unimaginative performer will adopt a 'take it or leave it attitude'—'it goes like this because the score says so'—but it must be said that a similar effect can be inflicted on the long-suffering audience in the name of zealous and unbending 'authenticity'. What, for instance, if the composer himself or his publisher have made mistakes? Dr Ernst Roth, after a long and distinguished career in music-publishing, went so far as to say that he doubted if any work of substance had ever been published without errors, despite the most conscientious endeavours of engravers, editors and proof-readers. And it is not surprising that it is the smallest errors (uncancelled accidentals are an obvious example) that most often pass through the net. Roth illustrated the blind fidelity that can afflict musicologists with a tale about Bartók's *Mikrokosmos*. His firm, Boosey & Hawkes, received an angry letter from an American scholar who had compared their published edition with Bartók's manuscript, by then in the USA. The writer claimed to have found over a hundred misprints in the printed score and, with the malicious self-righteousness that often accompanies Puritan zeal, accused the publisher of unpardonable neglect. A close check of the photostat approved by Bartók himself for the print revealed that every one of the alleged mistakes were corrections inserted by the composer at the proof stage.

Composers' corrections or second thoughts are a further problem which the editor has to disentangle on our behalf. In some cases they are beyond any sort of definitive solution. It is for this reason that there can never be a true *Urtext* of much of Chopin's music. First prints frequently differ from the autograph, and even today copies belonging to pupils are still coming to light which contain subsequent alterations. In the 1950s there was a crying need for a clean-up of the imaginative excesses and bowdlerisations of Klindworth and other nineteenth-century editors, so the Polish government set up an editorial committee and eventually published a complete new edition which, in my student days, was considered the last word in reliability. But since then rival German and Austrian *Urtext* editions have begun to emerge and the Poles, not to be outdone, are now producing another. It's all very fascinating, but whether it will do anything to raise the standard of Chopin playing is another question. The great Chopin players of the past, Cortot, Friedman, Rubinstein and Lipatti, were not noticeably handicapped by their sources.

Because composers sometimes have second thoughts, it

certainly doesn't follow that we as performers are entitled to have them on their behalf. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the performer should not stifle his feelings and convictions where, after careful consideration of the available text, he feels that the composer has been misrepresented. One example occurs in the development of Beethoven's Sonata in A, Op 2/2 [illustration]. Many players (including Schnabel and Brendel) will force it to work by artificially revoicing the offending passage, like this [illustration] . . . but I remain convinced that it is an engraver's error. In another instance though, I should add, I wrongly came to a similar conclusion over a puzzling inner voice in the coda to the first movement of Schumann's *Fantasie*. When I later came across some sketches excised from the finished version, I saw the same passage with the same 'wrong' note very clearly written. So I must accept that that was what he meant, while defending my right to make such mistakes!

More obvious anomalies occur quite frequently where a composer has to abruptly transpose or modify a passage because he has reached the limit of the instrument's compass. This most often occurs when material is recapitulated in a different key. Should we take advantage of the extended compass of our modern instruments and follow the earlier course of the passage or accept the composer's alternative solution, even if we believe it was dictated only by expedience? Not an easy question to answer. For one thing, composers often make a virtue of necessity and their modifications can be marvels of ingenuity, even genius—Bach's music is full of such things—and we must remember that a Haydn or a Beethoven may go to great lengths to avoid the kind of predictable symmetry we may be tempted to force upon them. Furthermore, as soon as you go beyond the compass of the instrument as it was known by the composer, you step outside his sound-world and the result can sound incongruous, however musically logical. So here is another instance where the performer must balance his conscience, imagination and judgment. My own view is that it is both permissible and advisable to supply a note or two to complete a scale, but most other cases are best left alone. I am aware that there are eminent performers who maintain that even the tiniest adjustment is the thin end of the wedge. A man who will stoop to that will stop at nothing, they seem to think. Still, I'm pretty sure that many composers would be amused, even angry, to hear their mistakes perpetuated as acts of devotion. A very curious incident occurs in the finale of Haydn's Sonata in A flat, H XVI/46. A left-hand figure of perfect regularity suddenly, and for no apparent reason, leaps up the octave for just two notes (in bar 75) before continuing on its way. In all early editions it is 'corrected' without comment, but the fastidious modern editor rightly restores this oddity as Haydn wrote it. I am indebted to Bernard Roberts for a highly ingenious and yet probable solution to this problem. Checking through the score, he discovered that the missing note (low E flat in the bass) never appears throughout the entire work and that on three other occasions Haydn deliberately avoids it. Could it be that Haydn knew the piece was going to be played on a piano on which this note was broken? If so, how can we satisfy the demands of authenticity? I suppose one would first have to maim the note in question: an absurd notion, no doubt, but I've known scarcely less crass barbarities perpetrated in the name of fidelity. It is well known that Beethoven's injunction at the beginning of the 'Moonlight' Sonata ('Si deve suonare tutto

questo pezzo delicatissimamente e senza sordino') means 'with sustaining pedal throughout' in the manner of Schumann's frequent 'mit Pedal'. But few take it so literally as one pianist who would depress the sustaining pedal with the first note and not release it until the last had mercifully died away. He defended this brave act of scholarship with some incomprehensible jargon about the 'the earliest instance of through-composed wrong notes'.

This brings us neatly on to the interpretation of expression marks and the closely allied, but even more fraught subject: contemporary performing practice. We can get a little encouragement to be bold in our interpretation of expression marks from composers themselves, who are sometimes surprisingly cavalier in their treatment of their own. 'Non rubato', it says sternly above a phrase in Medtner's second piano Concerto. In his recording, the composer plays it something like this [illustration]. 'Meno mosso', says Rachmaninov of the second subject in the third movement of his third Concerto; 'più mosso, precipitato' would better describe his own electrifying performance. Meyerbeer mortally offended Chopin by enquiring why he wrote his mazurkas in three-four since he played them in two-four. And when Stravinsky was invited to comment on a dozen or so recorded performances of *Le sacre du printemps*, he had harsh words to say about conductors who disobeyed his markings but reserved his severest strictures for a performance which turned out to be an old recording of his own. I have little doubt that this regrettable behaviour was even more rampant in the centuries before the advent of recording, when composer/performers were the rule rather than the exception. There is plenty of written evidence about earlier performing practice from Geminiani, Couperin, Quantz, C P E Bach and Leopold Mozart, to mention a few of the better known and more comprehensive or systematic sources. If we set aside for the moment the highly debatable question, whether the best way for late twentieth-century musicians to keep old music alive for late twentieth-century audiences is to mimic the mannerisms of seventeenth-, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century musicians, there are still fundamental doubts as to the extent to which it is *possible* to learn and re-create these old styles. In the first place, words (in this context metaphors) are notoriously inadequate to express things which exist only in time and sound. Who hasn't read a review of a concert he attended the night before only to wonder if he and the critic were at the same event? We've only had the benefit of recording for seventy to eighty years, but it reveals startling changes in performing styles which it would be impossible to express in words, and I have a feeling that the records have tended to slow down change and standardise performance rather than the reverse. The second barrier to real understanding is that so much vital information is concerned with ornamentation and embellishment. This is of the greatest importance in Baroque and Classical music for a number of reasons, but paramount amongst these is the need to impart an air of spontaneity and freedom—personality, in short—to the declamation and articulation. Even if we are reasonably sure *what* we are supposed to play, we can never be certain *how* it might have been rendered at the time. C P E Bach and Couperin lay great stress on 'taste and discernment' in these matters but these are commodities which change in the light of fashion and individual temperament. To embellish in a historically appropriate

style, at the same time preserving freedom and spontaneity, is as difficult as learning to play jazz from a text-book.

Even the interpretation of conventional expression-marks can be a puzzle in early piano music (by that I mean music written for the new dynamic flexibility of the fortepiano as opposed to the harpsichord). Conventions of piano notation which became accepted practice at the beginning of the nineteenth century were not established in the time of Mozart and Haydn. So in a piece like Mozart's A minor Rondo or Haydn's C minor Sonata, both unusually liberal in dynamic markings, one must still decide where adjacent *forte* and *piano* imply *crescendo* and *diminuendo* or abrupt contrasts. No amount of erudition can compensate for powerful convictions which can sometimes make contradictory views equally convincing in the hands of a compelling performer. Busoni described 'routine' in these matters (which he abhorred) as 'the inclination towards tricks of craftmanship and their indiscriminate application to every case that presents itself', and this is all too often the after-taste left by a performance well schooled in the rules of style and meticulous in the observation of the letter of the score, but somehow indifferent to the unique expressive world of the particular piece. The sharpest intelligence and most earnest endeavour sometimes lays bare only the antiquity of the music, illuminating every wrinkle and grey hair while crushing the life and youthful vigour out of it. On the other hand, there are those fortunate few, that one can only envy and admire, who seem able to capture the essence of the music while remaining blissfully unaware of its 'problems'; I am thinking especially of gifted children, but some retain this gift into maturity. The ones we can learn from, though, are men like Schnabel, Busoni and Cortot, all musicians of immense intellect but equally blessed with a lively and unfettered imagination which led them to search beyond the proven and demonstrable into music's mysterious power to stir again and again the heart and spirit. Alfred Brendel has expressed exasperation with Schnabel's blend of whim and reason in his playing and teaching. I mean no disrespect, rather the reverse, when I say that I see the same paradox in Brendel. Great players seek and respond to the emotional impulse behind the printed note, and if there is a conflict between reason and inner compulsion the imagination will often supply specious reasons to support irrational convictions.

Although Schnabel was a very complete musician (a composer, theorist and pedagogue as well as a pianist), he seems to have attached no particular importance to academic knowledge in his pupils. If one should labour a structural point, he would shrug, 'It does no harm to know these things'. He further maintained that great music explained itself in its own language; that it is not necessary to understand Polish or Gypsy music to play Chopin mazurkas or Liszt rhapsodies. All the information was in the score—understand that and you will understand its world. And indeed, the most precious glimpses of his imaginative world that have come down to us through his pupils are largely intuitive. Take this revelation of the hidden rhythmic propulsion of a scale-passage from Mozart's Concerto in A, K 488 [illustration]. In his playing there were traits, possibly unconscious, which definitely transgress the rules but in his hands are irresistible. I was puzzled for a long time by the artless lilt he brings to the opening of Schubert's A flat Impromptu, before realising that he subtly rewrites the rhythm. Then, when

the triplets of the trio appear, they merge very naturally with the trochaic divisions that are already in the air, and this gives his performance an unusual unity.

This kind of unity is, to the performer, an elusive goal. He must operate within a fixed time-span, maintain the flow and momentum of the narrative, at the same time highlighting dramatic contrasts and poetic nuances. The unity revealed by a Schenkerian analysis is of little use to him, hence Schnabel's disdain. Harmonic, structural, stylistic analyses all shed light on 'how' the composer expresses himself, but 'what' he expresses defies rational explanation. I think it a pity that modern scholarship tends to cast doubt on the admissibility of all information that is not scientifically demonstrable. It doesn't take a great analytical brain to establish a thematic relationship between the diminished sevenths and chromatic scales of the first climax in Liszt's 'Dante' Sonata and the two principal themes. Cortot insists that this is just what the listener should *not* be aware of, and talks instead of volcanic eruptions and sulphurous trails of smouldering lava! This sort of thing provokes condescending smiles these days. Let us not forget that great music endures through its power to transmit feeling as sound from one generation to another. Busoni spoke of feeling as the one moral necessity of music, comparing it to honesty in life (another statement that would score low marks in a B Mus paper). Mozart survives because he moves us in human terms, not because he represents a treasured fragment of history which can be found equally in his most insignificant contemporaries.

Busoni was a great thinker on music with an outstanding analytical mind. If you doubt me, look up his preface to the B flat minor Fugue in the second book of the 'Forty-eight', where he lays out in open score the subject and its inversion in simultaneous canon at every interval in fourteen independent parts—by way of showing its possibilities! But he too, astonishingly, has been the object of condescension from academics, and this is mainly on account of his Bach transcriptions which took a heavy hammering from apostles of the Baroque revival (I remember having a suggested programme for a university recital returned with a note—'the Professor does not like Bach/Busoni'). These transcriptions are a manifestation of Busoni's firm belief in the supremacy of the thought over the medium, and his thinking on the subject went far deeper than that. He maintained that every important piano composition was a reduction of a big thought to a practical instrument, and he demonstrated with this innocent tune from Mozart's Concerto in C, K 467 [illustration]. By the addition of words and a more orchestral accompaniment several latent features spring to life and we are at once on the operatic stage. This kind of long vision and associative imagination can help enormously with the characterisation of classical music and, in many cases, with the lively and pertinent interpretation of expression marks. If we take the symphony orchestra as our 'large thought' rather than the opera, then the purpose of these *sforzandi* in Haydn's Sonata in D, H XVI/37, suggesting trumpets and timpani, becomes clear [illustration].

As I come to the point where I try to gather in all the tangents and associated ideas prompted by my title, I find I can do no better than a platitude: 'much knowledge does not bring wisdom'. As I observed on starting out, we are well served with facts, but the use we can make of them is bounded by the

richness, depth and vitality of our imagination. Objective results are the goal of good scholastic research, but objectivity in performance is a variable concept. Everyone's objective view is inevitably tempered (for Heaven's sake, let's not say tainted) by subjective responses. Richter is an obssessively objective player, but that is not the secret of his greatness. Although increasingly scrupulous and undemonstrative, he still sees music as only *he*, Sviatoslav Richter, can and it *his* conception that he conveys with such meticulous perfection. Nor can a teacher give a pupil his understanding of any piece, he can only try to lead the pupil to his own understanding which, in turn, will be unique to him. Those who take comfort in the stamp of official approval can be assured that this uniqueness in every individual performance is enshrined and protected in international law! Ernst Roth's charming aphorism, 'Great music is like a beautiful woman; all fashions suit her', is perhaps a little too embracing even for me; but I wouldn't argue with Busoni's provocative statement that '*Every* performance is a transcription'.

John Streets and Opera at the Academy

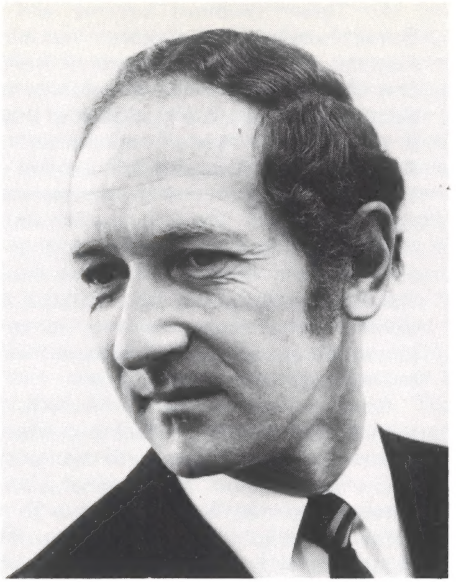
Mary Nash

Exactly twenty years ago, when I was working as répétiteur in Myers Foggin's Opera Class, a colleague was invited to join the staff, immediately proving himself to be quite indispensable musically, artistically and linguistically. After the performances of *Così fan tutte*, Norman Tattersall was kind enough to compliment us both in *The RAM Magazine* for our fluent and idiomatic treatment of da Ponte's brilliant Italian libretto. Quite another comment might have been made had the new coach not been John Streets. It is interesting that Norman went on to say that he wished the Opera Class could somehow, within the foreseeable future have a new theatre worthy, in size, elegance and practicability of this latest achievement. Later that year, after a performance of Menotti's *The Medium* and Berkeley's *A Dinner Engagement*, I introduced a friend of mine to John; as she shook hands, she asked if he was my boss. 'Good gracious no!', I remember replying.

After John Tavener's *The Cappemakers*, our Warden, Myers Foggin, left to become Principal of the Trinity College of Music, leaving his beloved Opera Class in John Streets's capable hands. John immediately proved himself to be the ideal choice, guiding the students firmly yet sympathetically, and earning the respect and admiration of all. With unfailing good humour, he planned schedules, auditions, repertoire, stage management, wardrobe, choice of producers, designers and conductors. John lost no time in inviting Steuart Bedford to become principal conductor, and his first season saw four very successful performances of Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*, with two casts, understudies and even a 'chorus' singing the voices symbolising unrest in Rome, normally sung off-stage by the principals.

Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco* was given its English première later that year. To quote Andrew Porter: 'This production reinforced what the Academy's *Rake* and *Rape* promised, that, even leaving questions of training apart, John Streets's opera department has come to play the important role in London's musical life that Stanford's once did at the RCM.' As one student remarked in the canteen: 'Well, we are Streets ahead!'

In 1968, John Copley was invited to produce an unforgettable *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* by Poulenc, starring Norma Burrowes.



Photograph by Anthony Crickmay

This was repeated ten years later, sung by Elizabeth Brice and attended by HRH the Prince of Wales, but this time in collaboration with ENO North. Both Elizabeth and Norma were asked to share the leading role when the London Coliseum took over the production. In March 1972, as part of the RAM 150th anniversary celebrations, John organised the first revival in England of Donizetti's *Belisario* at Sadler's Wells Theatre. The programme makes interesting reading: Ian Caddy, Susan Lees, David Rendall, Bonaventura Bottone, Christopher Blades, Christopher Booth-Jones, Michael Bulman, Nicholas Folwell . . . Producer Dennis Maunder, Assistant Conductor Simon Rattle, Stage Management Hilary Western and Stephen McNeff, Costumes Margaret Adams, Wardrobe Felicity Lott. John's opera class expanded gradually, introducing Anna Sweeny's invaluable movement classes, more openings for student conductors and répétiteurs, and by increasing the number of workshop performances to enable all students to be given the chance to perform at least one small role.

In 1977, John managed to secure the services of Menotti to produce his opera *The Consul*. Each rehearsal was an inspiring and absorbing master-class in its own right, despite the cramped conditions of the new Concert Room. The Duke's Hall was the venue for the performances, the old Theatre having been demolished to make way for the splendid Sir Jack Lyons Theatre. This eagerly awaited building, opened in October 1977 by HRH Princess Alice of Gloucester, deserved a very special choice of repertoire. John Streets commissioned John Gardner to write a one-Act opera to be performed with Act IV of Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* and *Trial by Jury* by Sullivan, himself a former RAM student. Gardner stressed that his opera *Tobermory* was not to begin with the customary overture or dimming of house lights. The percussion was to start doodling softly while the audience continued chatting, until someone, realising that the performance had started would say 'shhh . . .'. 'In fact', continued Gardner, with an evil grin, 'I might even do that myself!'

As Steuart Bedford became less and less available, John invited visiting conductors, including Mark Elder, Nicholas Kraemer, Marcus Dods, Nicholas Braithwaite, David Lloyd-Jones and Sir Anthony Lewis. Eventually, in 1980 he invited Gordon Kember to join us, the first result of this happy collaboration being a double-cast *Falstaff,* splendidly produced by Christopher Renshaw, with a magnificent set and costumes designed by Paul Hernon. For Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* John decided an experienced Shakespearean producer should be asked to direct. The result was so exciting that David William was quickly asked back in 1982 to help with a double cast in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress,* yet another triumph. It was around this time that John's indispensable lighting consultant Graham Walne was joined by Lynton Black, who still assists with the electrics in between winning singing prizes.

Gordon Kember left for Munich, and John's next inspired choice was Nicholas Cleobury, whose first opera was a most enjoyable *Magic Flute* with Nicholas Hytner as producer and Nicholas Ormerod as designer. 'A very useful team', John remarked to me; 'You only have to shout "Nick" and they all come running!' By 1983, John had established flourishing répétiteur and advanced classes run by Norman Feasey and David Syrus from the Royal Opera House. Our much-loved Tom Hammond, who coached six different students each term in roles of their choice, left in 1982 owing to ill-health. However, John strove to keep strong ties with ENO, and we now have regular acting classes with Keith Warner, the possibility of borrowing costumes and props, and the participation of advanced students performing operatic scenes to schools as part of the Coliseum's educational project.

Fortunately, Britten's *Albert Herring* in 1983 was double cast, because on three of the four nights illness struck and members of the other cast had to be called on. John invited Joan Cross to watch a rehearsal by our producer Stefan Janski, and then to comment on our work. As Britten had not only chosen Joan as his first Lady Billows but had also written the part for her, she was able to give the students invaluable help. Radio London recorded the last *Herring* performance, and also broadcast Kurt Weill's *Street Scene,* another of John's much acclaimed triumphs.

The existence (since last January) of our very own opera orchestra has made a great difference, not only playing for our main performances, and replacing the two pianos in the workshops, but also giving the students the opportunity to participate in concert performances. I say a very reluctant goodbye to John Streets as my boss, but am delighted to welcome him once more as a colleague in the Opera Class.

'Not all sweet days and roses', or 'From a Rape to a Coronation', 1964–84

John Streets

Two in fact; coronations, I mean, not rapes, and although it was Poppea who was crowned, I feel it is I who can now happily abdicate in favour of my most able successor Peter Knapp.

As in most things operatic, my initiation was sudden and unexpected. From being a mere répétiteur, (what do I mean 'mere'!; a répétiteur, unknown to most of the audience, is the very king-pin of operatic preparation) I found myself, seated one evening at the harpsichord, whispering and indicating, at the end of each recitative, to an almost equally young and unprepared conductor, the tempo of the following aria or ensemble, so that a performance of *Così fan tutte* could take place, in spite of the sudden illness of the Warden, Myers Foggin, who had taught me all I knew about preparing young singers for opera. As his assistant, I helped prepare a *Rake's Progress* the following year, and when he left to become Principal of Trinity College I was rather too hastily appointed the new Director.

After living out of the country for several years and still being young and inexperienced I had forgotten how the RAM ticked. I was soon to find out: it ticked alarmingly like a time-bomb, with me as a very short fuse. We Aries types are not noted for a docile approach to problematic matters, and within a few months I had run full-tilt against the senior members of the singing faculty (a much more incestuous department then than it is now!). I think they expected a fairly conventional, institutionalised class, with a 'safe' diet of *Figaro* and *The Bartered Bride,* interspersed with scenes from the popular repertoire. That was not to be; and looking back over twenty years of varied productions, 61 fully-staged and 75 scenes under Workshop conditions, I am glad I stuck to my guns.

John Streets, Steuart Bedford and Dennis Maunder during a rehearsal of Janáček's The Cunning Little Vixen *in the old Theatre in March 1973.* Photograph by Shuhei Iwamoto

The first salvo fired was Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia.* Returning homeless to England, the wonderful Bedford family had sheltered me in Hampstead, and when Steuart, then a young lad just down from Oxford, lay desperately ill, his mother, (who had created the part of Lucia) and I hoped that an offer to conduct a *Rape* would be of great therapeutic value. I remember well that hospital visit; first a refusal, then a half-hearted acceptance should he recover in time. He did, and there began a long, close association, which with Mary Nash, my devoted and faithful Right-Hand-Woman, re-shaped and built up the present opera department. Steuart remained, on and off, for about fifteen years, and now that post of resident conductor is in the most capable hands of Nicholas Cleobury. In between there have been exciting visitors who have had to cope with an *ad hoc* or press-ganged orchestra; only this year has an Opera Orchestra been created, for which our new Principal has been largely responsible. The youngest conductor (still a teen-age student) and one of the most gifted, was our own Simon Rattle, who created a miraculous *L'Enfant et les sortilèges* on the inhospitable, bare platform of the Duke's Hall, aided by brilliantly designed props of Shuhei Iwamoto and the bursting invention of Anna Sweeny. Dear Anna and Simon, you have been very special people to work with; Anna, only last year, saving our *Street Scene* from disaster and making it one of our biggest 'critical' successes.

The Duke's Hall was the scene of another triumph, when everything 'came together', production, music, costumes, as it so rarely does in any opera house. I had asked Menotti, whom I had known years before in Italy, to look in on a production we were considering of his fiercely dramatic opera *The Consul.* Instead, he offered to design and produce it for me, commuting from Scotland and New York, and all for love! The rehearsals were as electrifying as the performances, which made even *blasé* critics revise their opinions of this wizard of the theatre, who also writes music.

Another special production was the first which I asked John Copley to direct for us, the English première of Poulenc's naughty operetta *Les Mamelles de Tirésias.* John had discovered an extraordinary young designer, half angel, half vagabond, who personally made and painted the sets; shocking, amusing and

utterly French. My only fear was that the 'powers that be' might censor such open bawdy, and when I noticed, at the first piano dress rehearsal, the Principal himself standing ominously at the old Theatre door, with the stage strewn with bare bottoms, boobs and umbilical cords, I expected the worst. But I should have known Sir Thomas Armstrong better. He came over to where I was anxiously sitting, put his hand on my shoulder, and, with a twinkle in those blue eyes, just smiled and nodded his head in approval. Norma Burrowes was the star of that show, her voice (and her legs!) making the headlines, and the designer was taken to the bosom of the Armstrong family (hot soup at midnight was the rumour) before he absconded to some inaccessible star. Exciting theatre was also to be enjoyed with David William's twentieth-century *Rake's Progress*. Never the easiest man to work with, he drilled his punk whores and Hell's Angels roaring-boys like the kids in *A Chorus Line*, and brought the audience to tears in the closing Bedlam scene. A wonderful opera, brilliantly conceived.

Perhaps my own happiest memory was of the late Nadia Boulanger, surely the century's greatest teacher and herself a pupil of Fauré, attending my rehearsal of his *Pénélope*, criticising small points, but with tears in her eyes, whispering in her hoarse baritone, 'Mais, c'est merveilleux! It would be impossible to do such a thing in France.'

I shall never be able to express how lucky I was to have had Sir Anthony Lewis as a Principal during most of my year as Director. Nobody could have been kinder, more sympathetic, or, when the occasion arose, more helpful. I remember one such occasion that nearly caused a Royal Storm! My first *Flute*, given in Auden's witty translation, was in the hands of the Logan brothers, leaders then, as now, of London's *avant-garde*. Let us say it was a 'hippy' version, (and so happy too!) with the orchestra squeezed on to the little old stage, the singers all over the auditorium, and the audience perched precariously on scaffolding around the walls, which were decorated with nodding palms and green tarpaulin. No seats! Our royal President was guest of honour one night and we were commanded to install normal seating and remove the scaffolding. Without any need of a Scargill, the students and opera staff with one voice decreed that the setting must remain unchanged or there would be no performance. Consternation in the upper ranks and Sir Anthony to the rescue: the result, a perfect English compromise and a smiling Duchess.

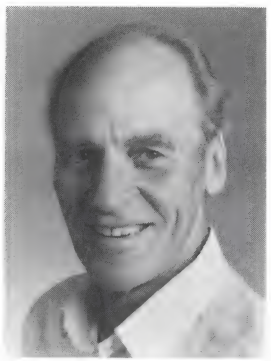
A Director has to live through such crises. (Stevenson's *mot* about marriage could equally well apply to opera; '. . . it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses'.) Looking back, I suppose I thrived upon them, but they are a young man's headaches. I am proud of what the Opera Class has contributed, both to the Academy and to London life. We have introduced operas new to London by Monteverdi, Cavalli, Bernstein, Copland, Head, Gardner, Tavener, Fauré, Poulenc, Chabrier, and Verdi. None of this could have been done without my team of helpers, the best a man could have and too many to name in full; but the following have assisted so much, so many times, that they cannot go unnamed: Margaret Adams, for endless work, sewing costumes in draughty corridors; Chris the carpenter, for coping with demanding designers and always coming up with a stunning set on time; Con the printer, for his patience with last-minute programme changes, (singers *will* fall ill at the most inopportune moments); Dennis Maunder for never forgetting that opera-

singers are human beings, especially when they were being animals in his perfect *Cunning Little Vixen*; Lady Lewis for her ever surprising parties; Graham Walne for his calm care and sensitive lighting; Bill Greasley, for years of moving us from one place to the other and somehow always getting it right (it was we who were sometimes wrong); all the singing teachers who made every performance possible by providing us with the necessary voices and finally, all you hundreds of students who often faced my wrath, but also had my love for all the hours of happiness you gave to the changing audiences throughout the last twenty years. God bless you all!

Obituary

Marcus Dods 1918–84

Joanna Sheppard



Marcus Dods, the distinguished conductor, died at his home in Henley-on-Thames on 30 April. He was born in Edinburgh in 1918, the son of a lawyer and keen amateur musician. He was educated at Rugby School and became a Choral Scholar at King's College, Cambridge, and was the first member of the choir to take up a career as a professional musician. He also had the unique distinction of playing rugby for Cambridge and acquiring his rugger blue. In 1939, he joined the RAF and became a bomber pilot, winning the DFC and attaining the rank of Squadron Leader.

From 1945 to 1947 he continued his studies at the RAM, where he was encouraged to play the piano. His first job was with the Rank Organisation, as assistant to Muir Mathieson. During his four years there he worked on Laurence Olivier's films of *Hamlet* and *Henry V*. In 1951 he joined Sadler's Wells Opera as Chorus Master and Conductor. By the time he left to free-lance six years later he had conducted over three hundred performances there, and his association with the company continued with occasional appearances as guest conductor.

Marcus Dods was best known for his work on hundreds of films, amongst them *Far from the Madding Crowd, Lady Caroline Lamb, Death on the Nile, Watership Down*, and *Yanks*. He was Musical Director of a number of West End shows, including *Oliver*, and was musical adviser for BBC TV's *The Forsyte Saga*. He was assistant conductor of BBC TV's *Music for You* for four years, and from 1966 to 1969 he was Principal Conductor of the BBC Concert Orchestra. Since 1972, he had been Musical Director of the London Concert Orchestra, and had conducted this orchestra in concerts on the South Bank, at the Barbican, and in concert halls throughout Britain. In 1981 he accepted the position of Musical Director of the newly-formed Southern Pro Arte, in whose aim to present concerts and educational projects in his home area he was deeply involved. His other orchestral associations included appearances with the London Symphony Orchestra, the English Chamber Orchestra, the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, the Scottish National Orchestra and the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. He came regularly to the Academy to rehearse the Symphony Orchestra, and conducted three performances of Menotti's *The Consul* here in March 1977.

He leaves a wife, three daughters and a son.

(This notice is substantially the same as the one published in *The Henley Standard* on 4 May, and it is reproduced by kind permission—Ed.)

John Ludlow

Marcus Dods was the opposite of the conventional concept of the egocentric, self-indulgent conductor. He was unpompous, unostentatious, humorous, had a rare degree of actual conducting skill and a quiet natural authority which never needed to be displayed; he simply earned respect by his professionalism, utter competence and invariable politeness to the musicians he conducted. (So often the opposite factors combine!) By any standards he was an outstanding accompanist, the role which most readily exposes any flaw in a conductor's technique or sensitivity. His modesty of nature eschewed dramatic overstatement or personal intrusion, so that his performances were generally characterised by a positive gentleness which allowed the natural beauty of the music to predominate.

Few conductors have earned the degree of respect and affection we all felt for Marcus. We are deeply thankful to have had the opportunity of performing with a musician of such outstanding skill, sensitivity, understanding and rare integrity.

John Pauer
1892–1984

Guy Jonson

I was saddened to learn of the death of John Pauer on 18 April, because having known him and formed a great respect and affection for him over a span of fifty-four years it came as a sharp reminder that men and musicians cast in this mould are rapidly disappearing from within our midst. Whilst this is intended to be a personal tribute to a former well-loved colleague, it is perhaps appropriate and of some considerable historical interest firstly to refer to his family antecedents.

John Pauer represented the third generation in an illustrious line of musicians. His grandfather, Ernst Pauer, born in Vienna in 1826, was probably best known in this country by all aspiring young pianists as the editor (and a very erudite one too) of the bulk of the piano repertoire published by Augeners in the latter part of the nineteenth century. His claim to fame on the Continent was in fact as a composer, notably of several operas. It is fascinating to recall that he studied the piano with Mozart's son Franz Xaver; that he was appointed pianist to the Imperial Austrian court in 1866; and that when Cipriani Potter (the second Principal of the RAM) retired from teaching at the Academy, Ernst took over his class, retaining it for six years. His son Max, who was born in London in 1866, studied with his father and was highly praised as a fine concert pianist. He went to teach at the Conservatoire in Cologne in 1887, and thence to a similar post in Stuttgart, later becoming Director there before finally being appointed Principal of the Leipzig Conservatoire in 1924. His son John (of the third generation) who was born in Cologne in 1892 and who in his early formative years learned the piano with *his* father (thus forging a direct pianistic link with Mozart) later came to London, where he continued his studies at the RCM under Sir Walter Parratt. 'Johannes', as he was known by his intimates, was a man of cultivated taste and refinement, exhibiting a personality of much courtesy and geniality. He was a 'big' man, not only in physical stature and robust appearance but as evidenced in his conception of life and his breadth of vision and thought in his playing (especially when performing his beloved Brahms, which, to me, always gained an extra dimension and autumnal glow in his hands).

He was appointed a piano professor at the Academy in 1924 and retired on reaching the age of seventy-five in 1966, after

forty-two years' service. He was privileged to enjoy a happy and fruitful life for ninety-two years, extending over a period of accelerated change in musical creativity and fashions. His tastes were inevitably steeped in the Romantic era and whilst he despised both triviality and gimmickry he was appreciative of the best in 'modern music', to which he lent a philosophical ear, being far more tolerant than his renowned father, who pronounced all contemporary music as 'Da-da-ca-ca-po-po cacophony'.

John made his influence felt not only in guiding a long succession of young pianists (amongst whom was the late lamented Pamela Petchey, whose early death was a sad loss to the piano faculty) but as a fine and sensitive chamber music player—the New London Trio was one of several Academy-orientated trios that won acclamation on the London and provincial music club scene during the 1920s and 1930s. Early in my own career, as an examiner, I came under the spell of his critical discernment and his fastidious and elegant turn of phrase when working with him on LRAM exam boards.

Here is a random example of his comments: 'In diagnosis of faults she elucidated convincingly'. I can vividly recall the following incident when John, whose turn it was to conduct the *viva-voce* section of the examination of a shoddily prepared, garrulous and contentious candidate, peremptorily snapped shut the volume of sonatas on the piano desk with a cursory 'That will be all, thank you', returned to his seat and wrote in his notes: 'Twere better that he had never been born'. When the resultant highly-charged atmosphere had eventually subsided, the following modification on the official mark form emerged from his hand: 'This candidate would be better advised were he not to pursue such a subtle and exacting profession'. History does not relate whether this report was in fact issued.

To end with a perfect cadence, the fourth generation in the person of Ann, John's daughter, developed a splendid soprano voice and became a student at the Academy in 1951. What a fine family record!

Robert Rendell. The memory of Robert Rendell (1928–82), appointed a Director of the RAM in 1977 and Honorary Treasurer from 1981 until his untimely death, was celebrated on 22 February by a concert in St Alban's Abbey, given by the RAM Symphony Orchestra under Maurice Handford and with Murray Perahia as the soloist (Beethoven: Overture *Die Weihe des Hauses*, Op 124; Mozart: Piano Concerto in A, K 488; Dvořák: Symphony No 8 in G, Op 88). The concert was given in aid of the Cathedral Appeal launched in 1978, and raised £2,150. In an appreciation printed in the concert programme, Canon Eric James wrote:

Robert Rendell would have smiled at the idea of a Memorial Concert to him in St Alban's Abbey. He was essentially a humble man—in spite of the fact that he had reached the top of his profession as an accountant. But his family and friends know well how appropriate a concert is.

Bob was glad to bring up his family in the shade of the Abbey. He served the Abbey marvellously as Cathedral Warden. He enthusiastically supported the building of the Chapter House and the keeping of the Abbey in repair. The Abbey was the place in

which for him in a special way 'God's honour dwelt'. He would himself have been pleased beyond words that he had been the cause of a concert in aid of the Abbey.

But the Church for Bob was not only the Abbey. He served wherever he felt he could be of some help—Mid-Herts Social Work, the Hudson Memorial Library, Beechwood Park School, Christian Action, the International Organ Festival. He always had time for people and to help them individually. And nothing gave Bob more pleasure than his work as a Governor of the Royal Academy of Music—which he took on just before the onset of leukaemia. He became the Honorary Treasurer in the year of his death. The members of the Finance Committee were particularly able to observe and admire Bob's courage, for often he would come out of hospital and straightway chair a meeting of the Committee.

Bob, as we have said, would have smiled at the idea of a concert in the Abbey in his memory; but he would also have been proud and delighted and profoundly thankful that he had been the cause of the students of the Royal Academy Symphony Orchestra playing in the Abbey, and especially that the piano soloist would be Murray Perahia, whose artistry he admired greatly and whose friendship, during a short acquaintance, he valued.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr Golding,
I am very sad to learn of the financial difficulties of *The RAM Magazine*. I would willingly pay more for it, or guarantee a minimum five years' support as suggested by Alexander Kelly.

Apart from all the reasons put forward to justify the *Magazine*'s existence, I enjoy it!

40 Bertram Drive,
Meols,
Wirral,
Merseyside L47 0LH

All good wishes,
Yours sincerely,
Michael Bush

Dear Sir,
Time is transient. As soon as the clock strikes midnight our today has become yesterday. This truism led to the reflection that our links with the past are less distant seen in retrospect than at first might seem the case. We are still closer today to Byrd and Tallis than they were to the monk John of Reading Abbey who gave us 'Sumer is icumen in'. When Arthur Sullivan rediscovered the score of Schubert's *Rosamunde* in a neglected cupboard, he tells of visiting a music shop in which sat a very old man. 'Yes', he told Sullivan, 'years ago I used to have the honour of serving Herr Beethoven'. It is only a matter of fifty years, well within the memory of many of us, since Academy students were receiving their annual awards at the hands of the Duke of Connaught, whose mother was Queen Victoria and whose godfather was the Duke of Wellington, so it could well cause a ripple of surprise to state that our present Editor has now looked after *The RAM Magazine* for exactly a quarter of the time it has existed. This summer the *Magazine* is eighty-four years old, and you, Mr Editor, celebrate your 'coming of age'.

Such a milestone cannot be passed without paying a very warm tribute to our Editor, and all who have links with the Academy will value his devotion and efficiency. All Editors have a

dual identity—the public and the private, and if this letter is couched in terms that lean towards the former it is simply because a little more emphasis on the latter could well cause the innate modesty of the recipient to reach for a metaphorical rejection-slip!

The *Magazine* has undergone several changes of format since it first appeared, but it is safe to say that standards have never been higher than they are today. One can only hazard a guess at the amount of detailed work involved in producing a single issue, but please accept our congratulations and warmest thanks for each and every one.

48 Church Street,
Hungerford,
Berkshire RG17 0JH

Yours faithfully,
Philip Hattey

Dear Sir,
In the Spring Number of *The RAM Magazine* Mr Alexander Kelly and Mr George Biddlecombe drew attention to the uncertainty concerning the future of the *Magazine*. May I please add my name to whatever means can be found to maintain this valuable source of vital information and reference? Those two letters eloquently expressed the irreplaceable roles which the *Magazine* fulfils.

Mr Kelly offers practicable steps. To repeat, 'May I suggest that a list of subscribers be drawn up and that the subscribers should be prepared to guarantee their support for a minimum of five years'. If that is put in motion here is one willing participant.

Flat 1,
14 Abbey Gardens
London W8 9AT

Yours faithfully,
Margaret Hubicki

Notes about Members and others

Constance Shacklock has been awarded the Sir Charles Santley Memorial Gift, endowed by John Mewburn Levien on behalf of the Worshipful Company of Musicians. The gift amounted to £150, to be spent as the recipient wished; Miss Shacklock chose a record cabinet.

John Gardner's *Sonatina Lirica* for brass quintet was premièred at Sutton Place in December by the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble, who have subsequently given it several performances including one at the Barbican in February. His *Flourish for a Wedding* for brass and organ was played at the Wedding of Michael Schønwandt and Suzanne Lange on 31 December in Copenhagen, and his *Mass in D* for chorus and orchestra was performed at the Leith Hill Festival under the direction of William Llewellyn on 14 April. Annemarie Sand was the mezzo-soprano soloist and the important alto saxophone part was played by Beverley Calland.

Philip Fowke has recorded the complete Chopin Waltzes for Classics for Pleasure (CFP 4144171).

Christopher Adey conducted five concerts in St John's, Smith Square, London between 16 March and 18 April, devoted to the six symphonies by Martinů. The orchestras involved were those of the RSAMD, the RCM Junior Department and of the NCOS, the YMSO, and the Nottinghamshire County Orchestra.

Paul Harris is the author of *A Progressive* Guide to sight-reading (thirty duets for two clarinets), published by the CUP, and of *The Cambridge Clarinet Tutor*, published by the CUP.

Susan Bullock won the Kathleen Ferrier Decca Award in May.

In the Principal's Prizegiving speech printed in the Autumn issue of the *Magazine*, the name of Betty Mills was inadvertently omitted from the list of professors resigning voluntarily from the staff. We should like to apologise for this and to thank Betty Mills for her many years of almost unbroken teaching at the Academy since she left as a student.

Trevor Pinnock, not exactly unknown as a harpsichordist, made his first public appearance as a pianist in the Duke's Hall on 14 March, when he performed Haydn's piano Concerto in D with the RAM Chamber Orchestra.

Jasper Thorogood, appointed Assistant Director of Studies at the RCM last September, becomes Registrar in September 1984.

David Roblou gave a harpsichord recital in the Wigmore Hall on 21 February. The programme included the first performance of Judith Bingham's *Scenes from Nature*, and works by Couperin and Bach.

The Kirckman Concert Society celebrated its twenty-first anniversary with a concert in the QEH on 29 February (Handel, J S Bach and C P E Bach). The conductor and solo harpsichordist was the Society's Founder and Musical Director Geraint Jones, and the vocal soloists were Sheila Armstrong, Helen Watts, Neil Mackie and Thomas Hemsley, with the Geraint Jones Orchestra and the RAM Chamber Choir.

Paul Ives (cello), with Roger Vignoles, gave a recital in the Wigmore Hall on 20 February (Vivaldi, Schumann, Brahms and Rachmaninov).

Jeremy Carter and Nigel Hill have been jointly awarded the Worshipful Company of Musicians' Carnwath Scholarship for Advanced Piano Study.

Distinctions

Hon D Mus (Oxon)
Dame Eva Turner, DBE, Hon D Mus (Manchester), FRAM, Hon FTCL, FRCM, FRNCM, Hon GSM

Hon D Mus (Birmingham)
Simon Rattle, FRAM

FRAM
Professor Edward Garden, D Mus (Edin), FRCO; John Gray; Graham Johnson; Robert Sherlaw Johnson, MA (Leeds), BA, B Mus (Dunelm); Peter Lea-Cox, B Mus (Lond), FRCO; Jane Manning; Simon Rattle, Hon D Mus (Birmingham); Valerie Tryon

Hon RAM
Maurice André, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur; Richard Armstrong, MA (Cantab); Geoffrey Chard; Mark Elder, MA (Cantab), Mus D (Lambeth); George Guest, MA, Mus B (Cantab), FRCO, FRSCM; George Hurst; Peter James, B Mus, Ph D (Wales), FBSM; Christopher Keyte; Alfred Kitchin; Philip Ledger, MA, Mus B (Cantab), FRCM, FRCO; Andrzej Panufnik, Knight of Mark Twain, Sibelius Centenary Medal; Roger Vignoles, BA, Mus B (Cantab); Oscar Shumsky; Stan Tracey

Hon FRAM
Sir Charles Sopwith

ARAM
John Antoniadis; Gerald Barnes, FRCO; Michael Berkeley; Isabel Beyer; Christopher Booth-Jones; Bonaventura Bottone; Timothy Bowers, B Mus (Lond); Anthony Bowles; Jeremy Brown; John Pelham Burn, FLCM; David Byers; Ian Caddy; George Carid, BA (Cantab); Nansi Carroll; Alan Cohen; Jennifer Coultas; Marcia Crayford; Peter Croser; Catherine Croshaw; Barbara Cumming (Dame Hildelith Cumming, OSB); Harvey Dagul, B Mus (Lond); Caroline Dale; Alistair Durden; Graham Elliott, MA (Wales), B Mus (Lond), FRCO, FTCL, FLCM; Clifford Evans; Pamela Ferrand-Rook; Joseph Fröhlich; Charles Fullbrook; Haflidi Hallgrimsson; Kathryn Harries, B Mus (Lond); Howard Hawkes; Wai On Ho; Choo Hoey; Lt-Col Graham Hoskins, MVO, RM; Julia Hsiao; Philip Knowles; Gabriel Kwok; Ian Ledingham, BA (Cantab), FRCO; Adrian Levine; John Lubbock; Norman McCann; Edward McGuire; Richard McMahon; Philip Martin; Margaret Murray; David Owen Norris, MA (Oxon), FRCO; Stephen Ostler; Christine Pembridge; Michael Ponder; Pradhak Pradipasen; Jonathan Rees-Williams, MA, FRCO; Jean Rigby; Gareth Roberts; Bryan Scott; Graeme Scott; Nicholas Searls; Robert Secret; Anne Shasby; Colwyn Sillman; John York Skinner; Arthur Smither; Roger Steptoe, BA (Reading); Poon Tak; David Theodore; Patsy Toh; Karen Vaughan; Peter White, MA, Mus B (Cantab), FRCO; David Wilson-Johnson; Tom Winthorpe; Gareth Wood

Hon ARAM
Bridget Campbell; Renée Clare; Victor Doggett; Leslie Mitchell, FCA

FBSM
Peter James, B Mus Ph D (Wales), Hon RAM

Births

Cummings: to Douglas and Bridget Cummings (*née* Hardman), a son, Richard, 13 January 1984
Fairburn: to Clive and Nicola Fairbairn (*née* Swann), a daughter, Susanna Jane, 25 March 1984
Handy: to Lionel and Josephine Handy (*née* Easthope), a son, Philip Alexander, 17 December 1983
Page: to Robin and Elizabeth Page (*née* Andrews), a daughter, Natasha, 22 March 1984

Deaths

Agnew, Muriel
Marcus Dods, DFC, MA, Mus B (Cantab), FRAM, 30 April 1984
John Pauer, Hon RAM, 18 April 1984

RAM Awards

LRAM Diploma, April 1984
Piano (Performers') Haesung Min, Beate Toyka
Piano (Teachers') Rosemary Andrews, Jayne Barnes, Richard Beckford, David French, Craig Gerrard, Jeremy Gwynn, Penny-Sue Joyce, Robyn Koh, Iris Stang, Adrian Sutcliffe
Harpsichord (Teachers') Anthony Williams
Singing (Teachers') Françoise André, Gay Colbeck, Julia Morby, Hania Prawdzic-Golemberska, Karen Richardson
Violin (Performers') Stephen Bingham, Martin Smith
Violin (Teachers') Amanda Brown, Wendy Clark, Julia Dalby,

Rebecca Jackson, Helena Kirk, Jane Platt, Juliet Snell, Sarah Stiles, Claire Walters, Rosslyn Wilson, Yeung Yeuk-Chai
Viola (Teachers') Nigel Giles, Alison Lane, Lesley Wynne, Wendy Young
Cello (Teachers') Charles Ellis, Sarah Gaye, Amanda Shearman
Double Bass (Teachers') Julian Atkinson, Andrew Cruckshank, James Dean
Guitar (Teachers') Lynne Foulston
Flute (Teachers') Adrian Coucher, Debra Lloyd
Oboe (Teachers') Kim Keeble, Judy Proctor
Clarinet (Teachers') Lionel Ferer, Donald Lowe, Iain Maclean
Bassoon (Teachers') Sarah Moser, Jean Owen
Trumpet (Teachers') Adrian King, Mark Newton
Trombone (Performers') Mark Eager
Timpani and Percussion (Teachers') Cheryl Whitehouse

RAM Club News

Jeffery Harris

The Social Evening last term was held on 5 March, and the music was provided by the English String Quartet (Diana Cummings, John Trusler, Luciano Jorio and Geoffrey Thomas), who performed Beethoven (Op 18/3) and Prokofiev (No 2). It was a most enjoyable evening, and the music was very warmly received. I do hope professors will encourage more students to come to Social Evenings: they will be made very welcome, and it would be nice to have more young people as members of the Club. Students are hesitant to mingle socially on these occasions, but with some encouragement I am sure they might quite enjoy the experience.

The Vivian Langrish Fund is still open for contributions, and it is hoped to make the first award within the next year, when there should be sufficent accrued interest to provide a worth-while sum of money.

We hope to have a new List of members' names and addresses fairly soon; the last one was issued fourteen years ago, and a new one is overdue.

May I remind members that subscriptions were due on 1 October (Town Members £7, Country Members £4, Overseas Members £5, Student Members £1.50). If you pay by Bankers' Order please remember to up-date them when necessary; there are several still being paid at the very old rate of £2!

Alterations and additions to List of Members

Country Members
Burbridge, Rachel, *The Deanery, Norwich NR1 4EG*
Jarvis, Mrs Vanessa (*née* Malden), *35 Hepplewhite Close, Totteridge, High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire HP13 6BZ*
Wallace, W Graham, West Lodge, *23 Westlecot Road, Swindon, Wiltshire SN1 4EZ*

Overseas Member
Denham, Mrs Lorna, *PO Box 78, Adams Town, NSW W289, Australia*

RAM Concerts

Spring Term

Symphony Orchestra
23 March
Beethoven Overture 'Die Weihe des Hauses', Op 124
Liszt Piano Concerto No 2 in A
Strauss Symphonic Poem 'Ein Heldenleben', Op 40
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloist Stephen Robbings (piano)
Leader Catherine Thompson

Sinfonia
8 March
Brahms Serenade No 2 in A, Op 16
Copland Clarinet Concerto
Beethoven Symphony No 4 in B flat, Op 60
Conductor Steuart Bedford
Soloist Peter Seago (clarinet)
Leader Justine Watts

Repertory Orchestra
13 March
Nielsen Overture 'Helios', Op 17
Bruch Violin Concerto No 1 in G minor, Op 25
Shostakovich Symphony No 5 in D, Op 47
Conductor Colin Metters
Soloist Nicholas Miller (violin)
Leader Carole Howat

Chamber Orchestra
3 February
Handel Concerto Grosso in F, Op 6/2
Bach Cantata No 57 ('Selig ist der Mann')
Vivaldi Violin Concerto in B flat, R 367
Handel Music for the Royal Fireworks
Directors Trevor Pinnock, Paul Steinitz
Soloists Simon Standage, Anne Wood (violins), Joanne Cole (cello), Carol Green (soprano), Timothy Wilson (counter-tenor), John Nicolson (tenor), Lynton Black (bass)
Leader Simon Standage

Chamber Orchestra
14 March
Haydn Symphony No 6 in D ('Le Matin')
Vivaldi Bassoon Concerto in E minor, R 484
Haydn Piano Concerto in D, H XVIII/11
Directors Trevor Pinnock, Michael Dobson
Soloists Jean Owen (bassoon), Trevor Pinnock (piano)
Leader Simon Standage

Westmorland Concerts, in the Purcell Room, were given on 7 March by Imogen Barford (harp) and Nicholas Daniel (oboe); on 28 March by Sophie Langdon (violin) and Paul Roberts (piano); and on 11 April by Susan Bullock (soprano), Lawrence Wallington (bass-baritone) and Steven Naylor (piano). In addition to regular lunchtime concerts, evening recitals were given by Kirstine Mackenzie (soprano) on 14 February, Joanna MacGregor (piano) on 6 March, and Paul Copas (clarinet) on 14 March; and concerts were given by students from the Paris Conservatoire on 1 February, and from the Royal Danish Academy, Stockholm, on 22 March.

Lutoslawski Festival Week

26–30 March

26 March
Piano Recital by Iain Burnside
Augustyn Bloch Variations (1953)
Szymanowski Four Preludes

Lutoslawski Three Children's Pieces (1954)
Lutoslawski Two Studies (1953)
Grazyna Bacewicz Sonata No 2 (1953)

27 March
Parker/Manson Prizes: Finalists' Concert
Paul Archbold Quintet
Allan Clay Wodwo
James Harley Piece for chamber ensemble
Peter Copley Three Poems by William Empson
Nicholas Bamber Clarinet Quintet
Adjudicator Witold Lutoslawski

Lutoslawski Paganini Variations for two pianos (1941)
Pianists Hamish Milne, Dennis Murdoch

Orchestral and Choral Concert
Lutoslawski Mi-Parti (1976)
Lutoslawski Musique Funèbre (1958)
Lutoslawski Paganini Variations for Piano and orchestra (1978)
Szymanowski Stabat Mater
Conductors Colin Metters, Peter James
Soloists Anthony Williams (piano), Deryn Edwards (soprano), Annemarie Sand (contralto), David Barrell (baritone)
Repertory Orchestra
Leader Carole Howat
RAM Choir

28 March
Concert of British Premières
Penderecki Agnus Dei (1981)
Chamber Choir
Conductor Peter Lea-Cox
Edward Boguslawski Musica Notturna (1974)
Nigel Shore (oboe), Karen Kingsley (piano)
Augustyn Bloch Sonata (1954)
Martyn Palmer
Marek Stachowski Pezzo grazioso (1982)
Helen O'Connell (flute), Adrian Rowlands (oboe), Lionel Ferer (clarinet), Timothy Mallett (bassoon), Robert Kay (horn)

30 March
Chamber Music Concert
Lutoslawski Mini-Overture (1981)
Wayne Morley, Timothy Warren (trumpets), Christopher Davies (horn)
Lutoslawski Epitaph (1979)
Nigel Shore (oboe), Karen Kingsley (piano)
Lutoslawski Strawchain and other children's pieces (1950–1)
Jennifer Stinton (flute), Susan Böhling (oboe), Peter Seago, Duncan Prescott (clarinets), Jean Owen (bassoon), Lynne Davies (soprano), Rachel Cooper (mezzo-soprano), Julian Bigg (conductor)
Lutoslawski Grave (1981)
Ivan McCready (cello), Hilary Punshon (piano)
Lutoslawski Dance Preludes (1959)
Jennifer Stinton (flute), Kieron Moore (oboe), Martin Powell (clarinet), Jean Owen (bassoon), Alan Jones (horn), Anthony Moffat (violin), Judith Brice (viola), Ivan McCready (cello), Lydia Hartland-Rowe (double bass)

Orchestral Concert
Lutoslawski Jeux Vénitiens (1961)[1]
Lutoslawski Chain I (1983)[2]
Lutoslawski Paroles tissées (1965)[3]
Lutoslawski Preludes (1972)[4]
Lutoslawski Livre pour orchestre (1968)[5]
Manson Ensemble
Conductors Paul Patterson[1], Odaline de la Martinez[2, 4]
Leaders Sian MacLeod[1], Stephen Bingham[2], Justine Watts[4]
Sinfonia
Conductor Colin Metters[3]
Soloist Antony Rich (tenor)[3]
Leader Justine Watts[3]
Symphony Orchestra
Conductor Witold Lutoslawski[5]
Leader Catherine Thompson[5]

Opera

Monteverdi 'L'Incoronazione di Poppea'
23, 24, 27 and 28 February
Nero Antony Rich
Poppea Gail Mortley
Ottone Timothy Wilson
Ottavia Anne-Marie Hetherington
Arnalta Peter Bronder
Seneca Brindley Sherratt
Valletto Lynne Davies
Liberto Philip Jones
Drusilla Fiona Lamont
Lucano Philip Ball
Damigella Judith Russell
Fortune Jane Betsworth
Virtue Jane Webster
Love Stephen Brown
Pallas Athene Christine Dix
Nurse Christoper Leutchford
Lictor David Barrell
Guards Christopher Ventris, John Nicolson
Tribunes Ian Stockley, Graeme Danby
Seneca's friends Christina Cook, Stephen Medland, Charles Pott
Attendants Emma Clarke, Jane Ford, Rhodri Britton, Andrew Butler, Nicolas Lefebvre
Understudies Christina Cook, Deryn Edwards, Alison Mitchell, Tracy Webb, Rachel Sherry, Philip Ball, Rhodri Britton, Nigel Cliffe
Director of Opera John Streets
Conductor Nicholas Cleobury
Producer Guus Mostart
Designer John Otto
Lighting Graham Walne
Assistant to the Director Mary Nash
Répétiteur Class Norman Feasey, David Syrus
Movement Anna Sweeny
Répétiteurs Geoffrey Alvarez, David Dunnett
Stage Management Perryn Leech, Laura Deards, Zoë Gleisner, Brian Sandford

Wardrobe Margaret Adams
Production Manager Nicholas Murray
Lighting Assistant Lynton Black
Leader of Orchestra Frances Shorney

A Concert of Opera and Ballet was given in the Duke's Hall on 15 February, by the Opera Orchestra (*Leader* Jacqueline Shave, *Conductor* Nicholas Cleobury).
Mozart Overture 'Die Zauberflöte', K 620
Stravinsky 'Agon'
Bizet 'Carmen' (Act II)
Carmen Alison Mitchell, Christina Cook, Emma Lovell, Annemarie Sand
Escamillo Nigel Cliffe
Don José Philip Ball
Frasquita Judith Ellis, Sarah Pudduck, Sandra Hall, Emma Clarke
Mercédès Jane Ford, Rachel Sherry, Lynne Davies, Caroline Lenton-Ward
Morales Philip Jones
Zuniga Ian Stockley, Graeme Danby
El Dancaïro Philip Lloyd-Evans
El Remendado Christopher Ventris

An 'Opera Workshop' was staged in the Sir Jack Lyons Theatre on 29 March; Director of Opera John Streets, Conductor Ivor Bolton, Producer Christopher Renshaw, Lighting Graham Walne, Assistant to the Director Mary Nash, Lighting Assistant Lynton Black, Répétiteurs Geoffrey Alvarez, David Dunnett, David Selfe, Stage Manager Christopher Ventris, Leader of Orchestra Jacqueline Shave. Items included:
Handel 'Rodelinda'
Lynne Davis, Philip Jones, Philip Ball, Julie Stancer, David Barrell, Christine Dix
Massenet 'Werther'
Annemarie Sand, Tracy Webb
Weber 'Der Freischütz'
Nigel Cliffe, Ian Stockley, Peter Bronder, Graeme Danby, Rhodri Britton, Carol Green, Helen Roberts